

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

Chandler Guy.

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HOTEL DIRECTORY

The card of one first class hotel in each town will be inserted in this column, and a copy of the Weekly Graphic sent free on receipt of \$2.00. The Graphic goes to a large list of leading hotels in the west, and is read by traveling men, making it a desirable valuable medium for hotels.

HAWKINS HOUSE. Knox City, Mo. Sample rooms first floor. Good accommodations. Large stable connected. Charges reasonable. THOS. L. HAWKINS, Prop.

PARCELS HOUSE. Kirksville, Mo. The leading hotel of North Missouri. Refreshed and furnished. Headquarters for traveling men. GEO. S. MERRITT, Prop.

HAMPTON HOUSE. Clayton, Illinois. Headquarters for commercial men. J. C. LUKK, Prop.

NEW BADEN HOTEL. Baden, County Mo. Good accommodation for boarders \$1.00 per week. For fractional parts of a week \$1.50 per day. Beds per night 25 cents. Good accommodations. Good stable and good horse feed. All seeking health, recreation or rest, cannot find a better place. O. B. SHAW, Prop.

EDITORIAL GRAPHICS

THERE is a chance now for some one to get another fat office. The Secretary of the Treasury will probably resign to attend to his canvass for Governor of New York. Don't all speak at once.

THE Michigan Democrats seem to be "hoist on their own petard." Having fused with the greenbackers, the supposition is that they expected them to support their candidates; but it appears that some of the greenback leaders have sent out confidential circulars urging greenbackers to scratch the names of the democratic candidates, and to vote only for members of their own party. This is to be expected, and people of common sense ought to know better than to undertake such a double-barrelled job.

THE 10,000 majority which Blaine received at the late election in Maine, was materially aided by his own county, which gave him 2,400 of it.

THE old Bay State has a Siamese Twin, double-action, greenback-democratic candidacy, and Ben Butler goes for it for the same reason that the Michigan school-board chose the gross eyed school ma'am. While she watched with one eye the boy she already had by the ear, she could be looking with the other eye for another to grab. When Ben is defeated at the November election, he will be looking around for some light employment. If there is nothing else for him to do, he can come to Missouri and cut hoop-poles.

THE prohibitory liquor law is still openly violated in nearly all the cities of Kansas, though strictly enforced in the rural districts. There is not much use of passing laws that are a dead letter when it comes to enforcing them. There are some plants that become stronger by having the tips of branches trimmed off, and that is about all the prohibitory law effects. The ends of the branches in the small towns are cut off, only to cause other shoots to start in other places; while the heart and strength of the business in the leading cities remains untouched. It is easy enough to stop the use of whisky in the small towns and the rural districts, but just as long as the axe is not laid at the roots of the tree, it will keep on growing not withstanding all our efforts.

THE Democratic papers of this congressional district express great regret in regard to Col. Glover's candidacy and some of them think that he should have submitted his name to the convention as an opponent of Hatch. This is mere sycophancy, for they well know that no war Democrat who served in the Union army can hope for any favor in this District at the hands of the Bourbon Democracy. A prominent leader of the Democracy in Lewis county has made the assertion that "a war Democrat cannot be trusted," while numbers of others have expressed themselves in a similar manner. To have been a rebel, is a certificate of sound political character with Democrats and it is nonsense for a Union man to go before a nominating convention to be slaughtered without mercy. There is nothing dishonorable in Col. Glover becoming an independent candidate.

HAD he went before the Democracy and submitted his name to a convention and been defeated by fair means and then become a candidate, the case would be different. Four years ago he was fairly nominated by the convention at Kahoka, but the Bourbon element in the party bolted, and demanded a primary election. This he submitted to and was defeated by the voters of the most populous counties of the district. With all the Democratic papers may say about him they can lay no charge of unfairness to him and his record of fealty to his party is unblemished. They used him as long as they had strong opposition in the district and when by personal efforts their majority had been built up and strengthened, they kicked him overboard for a man with a southern record. This, we presume, because "a war Democrat could not be trusted."—Canton News.

NEIGHBORHOOD GRAPHICS

Grundy County.

Trenton Republican.

They are having Union Temperance meetings in the different townships in Grundy.

Trenton rejoices in a fair. Merchants displays are conspicuous by their absence. A good attendance is reported at the "agricultural horse trot."

Bob Johnson, a youth of 46 summers living near Farmersville, was lately married to a young lady of 23. The boys are smoking cigars at his expense.

Another robbery reported this morning. Last night Bailey & Rogers' store was entered by breaking two glasses out of the back window and lowering the top sash. A cloak worth about \$20 standing on a form in the center of the room is all that was missed this forenoon. The clerks thought, perhaps an overcoat or two might be short when the stock was checked off. In two feet of the cloak that was taken was another form holding a cloak worth \$45. The windows were broken by throwing rocks against them.

Last night a young man named Tom Flesher, was brought in from the country and placed in jail. He is charged with stealing \$20.00 from Zach Hobbs, for whom he was working, and he acknowledges the crime. He owned up to the theft yesterday, and after being arrested returned \$10.75 of the money to Sheriff Wilson. He appears greatly grieved over his folly. The young man is seventeen years of age, and this is his first fall. He appears to be a very smart young fellow, and when he spoke of his crime to the reporter, he cried like a child.

Clark County.

Kahoka Herald.

John F. Phillips of Sedalia, Mo., will speak at the court house in Kahoka next Monday. Mr. Phillips is the law partner of Hon. Geo. G. Vest, a prospective candidate for governor of Missouri, and a fine speaker.

David Martin, our clever and accommodating landlord had the misfortune on Monday night to lose his pocket book containing between \$150 and \$200 in money besides some valuable papers. As there were many guests at the hotel that night the money was probably stolen.

Some unknown parties on Friday night the 22d, swapped teams with Messrs J. S. and S. G. Fretwell with out the personal knowledge or consent of the latter gentlemen. The exchange was made in the pasture of Messrs Fretwell three miles northeast of Williams town, the unknown parties taking one valuable iron gray horse nearly seventeen hands high and one six year old mule, and leaving in their stead a four year old horse with sore shoulders and another about twelve years old, blocky, gaunted and sore shoulders also. The parties who made the exchange no doubt got their start in life by a similar traffic in hats—leaving an old hat and taking a new one each time. As the horse taken and one of those left were of the same color the guilty parties may plead ignorance in extenuation, but it will be more difficult to account for mistaking a lively mule of high grade kicking power for a stove up horse, even in the night. Messrs Fretwell wishing to convince the unknown parties that it takes two to make a bargain, have issued cards offering a reward of \$25 for information leading to the recovery of their team.

Sullivan County.

Standard.

Mrs. Win Leighton of Kansas, formerly of Kirksville, is visiting relatives in Milan.

Buck Mason is building a residence.

The Western troupe will be at Tripp's Opera Hall on Oct. 23d.

There was a successful robbery at Brookfield Thursday night of last week. The store of L. A. Eaton was entered, through a back window, and \$1,500 worth of goods taken. The goods were put in a wagon and hauled away. The thieves have not been discovered. There is too much plunder to remain hid very long.

Scotland County.

Memphis Democrat.

The New York Theatre Co. are giving excellent performances in Memphis.

The next meeting of the Teacher's Township Institute will be held in Sand Hill Township. An excellent program is reported. Subject of debate: "Resolved, that the statement of our day are degenerating." Affirmative, W. N. Purmort; negative, J. T. Inman.

The Granger public school opens next Monday, with two teachers. The new school-house will be occupied. C. C. Boner is the principal and Miss Mollie Thompson assistant.

In 1880, according to the state auditors report, there were 3,042 licensed dramshops, wine and beer saloons or drug stores retailing liquor under license in this state—making altogether 3,250 drinking places. Of this number 1,745 were in the city of St. Louis, leaving 1,507 in the 114 counties, or an average of 11 to each county. But there were 19 counties—Adair, Barry,

Christian, Howell, Johnson, Mercer, Monroe, Polk, Pulaski, Putnam, Ralls, Reynolds, St. Clair, Schuyler, Scotland, Shelby, Stone, Webster and Worth—that had no saloons. The state licenses together with the ad valorem tax on the liquor sold by the saloons amounted to \$157,916, and the county licenses and tax to \$296,970, making a total of \$454,886, or an average of about \$150 each.

THE BOLTERS' TICKET.

We place at the head of the editorial column this week the names of the gentlemen nominated by the Burch mass meeting held at Jefferson City, Sept. 20th. It is to be presumed that all three are good republicans, at least it is to be hoped they are. They may not be personally responsible for the positions they occupy before the people as candidates of a faction of the republican party. In the case of our fellow townsman, Judge Wagner, we know he is not accountable for his nomination as he did not seek the place and as this county ignored the Burch call for a convention, and it was not represented in its meeting by a single individual. While the editor of the *News* as an individual thought it was best for the State Central committee to have called a convention, as there appeared a desire for it on the part of some republicans yet we deferred to the action of the two thirds majority of the committee, that decided it was best not to call a convention. We believed the committee had full power and authority to take such action. As to the exercise of it under the circumstances it may turn out to have been an unwise action—time will show. Certainly the Burch meeting was unauthorized, revolutionary, and ought to be void. Nothing was said or done by the assembled bolters and kickers towards harmonizing and cementing the party together; but on the contrary much was said and done to widen the breach and irritate instead of modify the ill temper already provoked by indiscreet men and newspapers. The assembly was made up of and controlled principally by the old chronic bolters. Their hue and cry was against "Bossism" and yet they selected the wildest and most unscrupulous leaders in the party as their chief Boss.

Counties all over the State through meeting called by their regularly constituted Committee not only refused, but most emphatically condemned the Burch call for a Convention, and the course of the *Globe-Democrat* and other journals in making war upon the State central committee. Notwithstanding this action, a few disappointed office-seeking soreheads and kickers got together in some of those counties and appointed themselves "delegates," to Burch's mass meeting. We maintain that a body so irregularly convened and constituted cannot, and should not, command the support of straight-out republicans, and especially so of the Republicans of this county, who had neither lot, part, or sympathy with the Burch meeting. It is a matter of choice with them whether they vote for the Bolters ticket or not. It is an old saying that you may lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. Any one may bring out a ticket but he cannot make the people vote it.

We desire the readers of the *News* to understand that we adhere to the regular organization of the Republican party. If one sore-head has authority or power to call a convention so has another, and another, and another just as they may feel dissatisfied with the course of some body or some meeting—or without cause—merely from a whim. We regard it to be the duty of all regular Republicans to rebuke the action of the Burch convention, by letting it severely alone, and it will soon die out for lack of nourishment to sustain it. We publish the ticket merely as a matter of information for our readers, and not because we endorse the whole of it.

For Judge Wagner we have the highest personal regard. He has shown himself better qualified for the position than any candidate now before the people, and his ability is acknowledged by those who are best able to judge. We regret he has been placed in a position where he will of course be slaughtered.

Personally we shall give him our strongest support, and hope the citizens of Lewis county will honor him as well as themselves by giving him a large vote at the November election.—Canton News

The Missouri Outlook.

The republicans have "reorganized" the party in this state. They have two state central committees, and yet they are not happy. Already dissensions have cropped up in the ranks of the anti-Filley reformers, who, having disposed of one boss, are at odds among themselves as to who is to be boss in his place. There has always been a very strong half-breed clique here and they are now endeavoring to secure control of the new organization, while the stalwarts, headed by Mr. McCullagh, the editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, have adopted the rule-or-ruin policy which seems to be their favorite weapon in times of emergency. In the fight which resulted in the temporary discomfiture of Filley the brains of the movement were supplied by Postmaster, Sam Hayes and Gen. Jno. B. Henderson. Therefore they claim the right to manage the party affairs. The stalwart faction, headed by McCullagh and Gen-

eral Cavender, the recent disappointed applicant for a position in the customs here, having an influential paper will probably prevail in the struggle, and one of these gentlemen will probably fill the place formerly occupied by Filley. This will result in the starting of a new republican morning paper with Gen. Henderson or some other prominent republican as editor. The confessed weakness of the republican party in this state lies in the fact that it has no great newspaper which possesses the confidence of the rank and file of the party. McCullagh's democratic leanings are so well known that the fact of his editing the leading republican paper of the state is always looked upon as a huge joke. His personal associates are all democrats and the presence in his office of a republican political leader even during a campaign is a very rare occurrence. If Gen. Henderson or some other straight party man can be induced to assume editorial control, a new republican paper will be started very soon after the close of the present campaign.—New York World.

A Poet.

"Yes, I have become a poet," he said, as he sauntered along Main street with his best girl. "The volcanic fires of poetry long slumbered in my inner soul, but the eruption has at last taken place, and the inspirational lava, so to speak, is flowing through in an almost unbroken stream. My thoughts flow from my prolific brain down along my arm and through my pencil to the paper, where they are given in rhythmic beauty, and the soul elevating thoughts to which my genius gives birth cannot but delight the masses and make mankind better and nobler."

"Oh! how delightful!" she almost screamed, taking a fresh and more loving grip on his arm. "I do so dote on poetry, and I am sure I would be wild with joy over a poem from your pen. Won't you write one about me?"

This flattered him so that the stitching in his hat cracked and he had to unbutton his vest to give his bosom room to swell to the size demanded by the occasion. With a gentle pressure of her hand, he replied:

"I began one to you but ran against an obstacle. I closed the lines with the words 'nice dream,' and can unearth nothing that will rhyme with them."

"How would 'ice cream' do?" she asked as her gaze fell upon a transparent tray across the pavement. "Oh! there are the words now, and it says only ten cents a plate. Do look!"

A perceptible tremor shook his frame and convulsed his empty pocket, and with a far-away look he said:

"I can't see why it is that the telephone company and the people cannot agree. It would be so much nicer for us to dwell in unity and peace, and then he continued in this strain until he steered her down a side street and by a roundabout way landed her ice cream-less at her fathers door.

A Pleasing Experiment With Salt.

Do you want to grow salt, and at the same time, have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by anyone. Put in a goblet one teaspoonful of salt, and one spoonful of blueing; fill the goblet three fourths of water, and set it in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing day by day until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered over with beautiful white crystals. Another variety of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off, and fasten it in the center of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square, or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall-bracket, and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the case, on which no crystals will form. After this is done, fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little, and in reality adds to the bric-a-brac of the room.—Troy Times.

UPROOTING BAD HABITS.

When bad habits are firmly rooted, it seems almost impossible to eradicate them. Often advice, commands, entreaties, are alike useless. Even when the poor sinner himself is convinced of his fault, and anxious to rid himself of it, his will is not strong enough. Now if some of this power used to repress the evil were turned rather to instill the good, it might be more effective. If an interest in something higher could be awakened, it might dismiss the lowly; if an innocent pleasure could be presented, it might take the place of the impure one; if a worthy aim could be inspired, it might supersede the one less worthy; if a good habit could be formed, it might crowd out the bad one. No one can tell how much of his own virtue and good conduct is due to the fullness of his life. When people are busy with useful work and blessed with a happy home, they have no time or inclination for what is bad. The heart that is full of love has no room for lustful desires; the head that is busy with intelligent thought has no place for foolish imaginings; the hands that are assiduous in work have no time for mischief.—Exchange.

LITTLE PATTY'S WISHES.

BY HATTIE W. ARNOLD.

Little Patty sat alone in farmer Branch's great kitchen, with a very disconsolate face. She had been working hard all day, washing dishes and running of errands for the farmer's wife, and now the family had gone to an apple-bee in the village, leaving Patty to take care of the house during their absence.

Little Patty had been taken from the poor-house and bound out by farmer Branch's wife until she should be of age. She was a quiet child, with freckled face and straight hair. No one dreamed that underneath that uncomely exterior there beat a loving heart, warm, true and tender, a real child's heart, that craved love and sympathy, and was sad because in the wide world there seemed to be no extra love for one poor little girl.

Tired and lonesome, Patty drew a cricket before the blazing fire, and then laid her weary head on the arm-chair beside her. Almost unconsciously she uttered aloud the thought that had filled her mind all day. "Oh, dear! I wish some one would love me! No one cares for me, or ever tells me that they love me!"

Just then Patty heard a queer voice close beside her, saying:

"My dear, you want to be loved, do you?"

Patty lifted her head in amazement. "Did you speak, Towser?" she asked, turning to look at the large mastiff, who, having just stretched himself, was looking down upon her with solemn eyes.

"Of course I spoke to you my dear. I wish to give you a little advice." With these words, Towser straightened himself and looked very wise.

"The way to be loved is by making yourself lovable."

"But," said Patty, with a perplexed look, "how can I love those who don't seem to care for me?"

Towser chuckled a little to himself as he replied with a wise nod of his head:

"It can be done. Why, when I was a young pup, and first came to live here, I didn't know what was expected of me, or what to do with myself. I suspected that everyone intended to do me harm, and was cross and surly. I barked at young and old, and made such a nuisance of myself, that mistress said one day: 'I am all discouraged trying to be friendly to that dog. He doesn't seem to understand that I mean him no harm. He snarls at the children, and will let none of us come near him. We had better dispose of him and get an old dog.' Now, my dear," continued Towser, "I listened with fear and trembling to know what the master would say. But he spoke kindly of me and said: 'Well, mother, guess we had better try Towser a little longer. He is a young thing yet, but when he gets older, perhaps he will trust us and get over his snarly ways.' When I heard those kind words, I just went out to the stable, and sat down on my bed of straw and thought the whole matter over, and came to the conclusion that instead of growing cross because I wasn't petted enough, I would make myself lovable. If you will believe it, my dear, this plan worked like a charm. Only a few weeks after I turned over a new leaf, I overheard mistress saying to one of the children: 'How Towser has improved; I am getting to be quite fond of him! Just remember my advice, Patty—he is lovable and people will love you.'"

With these words Towser yawned, and once more stretched himself before the cheery fire.

"But how can I be happy when my work is so hard and tiresome?" sighed Patty. "I wish that I might do pleasant things all my life instead of these dreadful dishes."

"Do as I do, Patty," said the merry black kettle which was puffing away over the hot coals. "Sing at your work; sing until the sadness goes away from your heart. Don't make your troubles larger by moping over them. Isn't it tiresome work to be puffing away over this hot fire? I guess it is! But I'm not going to make myself miserable because my place in this world is such a humble one. I manage to do much good in my small way, and increase the comfort and happiness of those around me. Do as I do, Patty, sing at your work, and your work will be easier."

Then Patty thought she heard a funny little song, that went something like this:

"I'm a merry little kettle,
As everybody knows;
But I'm bound I'll be happy
While the jolly fire glows."

Patty laughed outright at this strange music; and the pans hung up to dry commenced to chatter: "Do it, Patty! Do it, Patty!" and Tabby, the yellow cat, blinked her eyes and purled softly: "Be good, and kind, and gentle and see if people do not find you out, and love you," and the great clock in the corner spoke in measured terms: "We have all tried it, little Patty, and this is the only way to be happy. Just do every duty as it comes along with a light heart, and do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

With a start, Patty awoke, for you must have guessed that she had been dreaming, and began once more upon her work. She put the kitchen in order, polished the tins, rubbed the old clock's face till it shone like cut glass, then set the teapot over the fire so

that the farmer and his wife might be refreshed on their arrival. No sooner was all this accomplished than she heard sounds of the family's return. She sprang to the door and greeted them with a smiling face.

"Well, child, you have done well," said the farmer, stroking the straight black hair with as gentle a touch as though she were one of his flock. But the farmer's wife did more than that. Out of the kindness of her motherly heart she drew the lonesome child to her and kissed her, saying: "What should I do without this little maiden?"

Patty danced to her bed that night with a light heart. She never forgot her wishes, and the strange way in which they were answered.

"A FATAL ACCIDENT"

BY M. AND N. DASH.

Daniel G. and Jane S. were married in the spring of 1846 after a long (and spoony) courtship.

Daniel worked on his father's farm and at his trade—carpentering—until fall, when the happy couple moved to a farm of their own, and it was as they were making preparations for house-keeping, that an accident happened which came near marrying the future happiness of Mrs. G.

They were returning from town, one day, where they had been purchasing a load of household necessities, consisting of tinware, crockery, etc., and when about half a mile from the house, the horses became frightened at some geese by the roadside.

Mr. G. was paying more attention to his young wife than to the team, and they were going at a two-forty gait before he discovered that they were running away.

The clatter of the stove pipe and the jingle of the tinware only urged the team on.

On they went! Faster and faster, until Mrs. G.'s head became dizzy, and she was being bounced up and down in the wagon bed like a cork in a tempest.

As they drew near the barnyard, Mr. G. could hold them no longer, and, intent on preventing them from running into the barn yard, he jumped from the wagon. As he did so, his feet became entangled in the lines, throwing him to the ground, and dragging him some distance.

"Oh, Lord! I'm killed!" yelled Mr. G., as he was dragged over a pile of rails. As the team went through the barnyard, Mrs. G. was thrown from the wagon, alighting in a hog-wallow, which she was unable to vacate until neighbor Barnes came to the rescue. The horses went on to the barn, but did not go through—as it was a log one.

While neighbor B. was assisting Mrs. G. from the hog-wallow, the hired man and John Barnes picked Mr. G. up and carried him into the house, laying him on a lounge. All this time he was groaning as in great agony.

As they laid him on the lounge, Mrs. G. noticed that one whole side of his linen duster was red. The thought immediately struck her that his side had been torn open by the broken crockery. She rushed into the yard, threw up her arms and commenced screaming:

"Help! help! come everybody! we're all killed!"

Neighbor Barnes mounted a horse and started for town at a break neck speed to get a surgeon.

Arriving there, he found him in a great flurry. "Doctor, you are wanted at the house of Mr. G. east of town. Be in a hurry! A terrible accident has happened! He had a runaway and is horribly mangled!" almost shrieked Mr. Barnes.

"Well, I—"

"Get a horse, and hurry up!" exclaimed Mr. Barnes, grabbing the doctor by the arm and pulling him out of the office.

"But farmer Wilson is worse and has sent for me to come at once."

After a not very lengthy but heated discussion, the doctor was persuaded to mount his horse and follow the excited messenger.

On they went, Barnes ahead, riding for dear life; the doctor following with his feet run through the stirrups his hat and bridle rein in one hand and an umbrella in the other. "Hurry up, Doc, the man's life is in your hand!" Mr. B. would shout, whenever the doctor began to lay behind.

Mrs. G., who was almost frightened to death, would not permit anybody to touch Mr. G., or unbutton his duster, telling them that his side was torn open and that instant death would be the result. When the surgeon arrived Mrs. G. cautioned him, telling him that Mr. G. was torn all to pieces. The doctor advanced to the lounge, and adjusting his glasses, began to examine the "mangled" man.

"Are you badly hurt?" asked the doctor stooping down.

"Oh, I'm done for!" groaned Mr. G. Mrs. G. screamed and fainted. The doctor unbuttoned the duster and a little red stream trickled out of his vest pocket and some bits of glass fell to the floor. The faint hearted ones turned and left the room, while the braver ones gathered round the lounge.

"I guess he's not hurt very bad," said the doctor.

"What's this?" asked one of the spectators, picking up a piece of glass with a piece of paper sticking to it with the following label: "Carter's Carmine L—;" the rest was torn off.

"But what'd that blood come from?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"Blood! the d—!" exclaimed the doctor; "Can't you read that label?" As soon as the doctor found out that nothing was the matter with Mr. G., he began to rave, and swore until "the air was fairly blue and the room smelt of brimstone." And we suppose he repeated the same performance when he got home and learned that farmer Wilson had sent for another doctor, and he had lost his best paying patient. Mr. G. and wife have left the farm long ago, and now live happily together in a little inland town of about three thousand inhabitants.

The above narrative has the advantage of being true, and shows what people will do who allow themselves to lose all presence of mind in case of sudden accidents.

A Model Woman.

The best natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Furguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he frequently boasted that it is utterly impossible to make her angry. Furguson made several desperate attempts to see if he could not exasperate her to look cross or scowl at him, merely to gratify his curiosity, but the more affable and loving she behaved.

Last week he was talking to a friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a temper. The friend bet \$50 that if he were to go home, crank, raise a row and pull the table cloth full of dishes off the table she would show signs of annoyance. Furguson said he didn't want to job a friend of his money, for he knew that he would win; but they at last made the bet of \$50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the convention through the window.

Furguson came home late and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor and howled out: "Confound your ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that chair from under me?"

"Oh, I hope you didn't hurt yourself, it was my awkwardness, but I'll try and not do it again," and she helped him to his feet, although she had nothing in the world to do with his falling.

He then sat down on the sofa, and, sliding off on the floor, abused her like a pick pocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good naturedly, and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she acted as though she had not noticed it, and asked him if he would take tea or coffee. Then the brute seized the table cloth and sat down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over with him in one grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Do you suppose she grumbled and talked about going home to her ma, or that she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she sulked and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said:

"Why, George, that's a new idea, ain't it? We have been married ten years and have never yet ate our supper on the floor. Won't it be fun—just like those picnics we used to go to before we got married?" And then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor alongside of the wretch, arranged the dishes and fixed up a nice supper.

This broke George all up. He owned he was only fooling her and offered to give her the \$50 to get her a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of cigars.—Exchange

Why She Missed the Ferry-Boat.

She was to meet her adored one on the nine o'clock Oakland boat, and it wanted fifteen minutes of the hour. Her hand was on the door, when it struck her that she had forgotten to line her left eye-brow. Rushing to the glass to rectify this, she discovered a small, red spot, commemorative of a departed pimple. A dab of lily-white settled that defect, and she was about to make a fresh start, when a backward glance assured her that her new hat was not as becoming as it should be. So she stopped just long enough to give it a punch over one ear, and a "hyke" in the back. Then her "Recamier locks" wanted a little arranging, and a patch of blonde must be pinned across her nose. Then she parted her lips to see if her filled tooth showed very plainly; and that started a most seductive pimple in one cheek, which suggested a scrap of black cotton-plaster on its very verge, to call attention to its dangers, like a sign-board on a thinly frozen pond.

Then she tipped the glass and stuck in the curling-tongs to hold it, and walked across the room with her head over her shoulder to get a back view, gave her drapery a twitch here and a pat there, tried to see how long a step she could take without bursting the tapes, gave herself a little shake, like a sparrow after a shower, changed her tournure gloves for six, sprinkled Lubin's lotion on her handkerchief, stamped her little French heel once or twice to settle herself, and seizing her parasol in the most approved style to show the lace to advantage, started for the ferry, where a smiling official, either in a fit of admiration or sarcasm, offered her his glass with which to watch the fast receding boat, already half across the bay.

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